

HOLLY SPRINGS BANNER.

PRINTED BY GEORGE A. WILSON.

"INDOCITI DISCANT ET MEMINISSE PERITI AMANT."

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE W. PITT MA.

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TERMS.

"HOLLY SPRINGS BANNER" is published weekly at Four Dollars, which must be paid in advance, in every case. No subscription received for less than six months; nor will remittance be made until all arrears are paid. Advertisements will be inserted at one dollar per line, (ten lines or less) for the first time, and at half price for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be inserted for one week. Advertising candidates for office \$10 each, in advance. Addressed to the editor or publisher. All communications must be post paid in order to secure insertion as soon as delivered. All Communications involving personal matters, will be (if inserted) charged at an increased double price. And must, in all cases, be paid for in advance.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers have been too long neglected. Justice never been done unless themselves assert rights and enforce the most rigid rules, in the end will be found alike salutary and beneficial to those engaged in the business. Publishers of papers have been oppressed upon by the community at large, and they are considered to some extent a degraded class of beings, when in fact they are no less than the most honorable, and of high consideration, productive of much good, a class that exerts so powerful an influence. It is known to be proved by the debtors to newspaper publishers under their demands as the last to be paid, to which they are attached no obligation and which they can refuse to pay with justice and honor; hence it is that upon the conductors of the press their own rights and resolve, and severally and jointly, to bring all patrons of papers under the same obligations that they owe to the community, or always remain solvent men in the country. It is upon all editors and publishers of papers who approve of the following rules to be placed at the head of their papers and strictly adhered to.

No subscription received without advance.

No subscription received for less than six months.

Advance payment will be required of all transient advertisers.

To announce no man for any office of State or County, without the advance of TEN DOLLARS.

Political circulars charged as advertisements and payment required in advance.

All advertisements of a personal nature will be charged double, and payment required in advance.

Election tickets will not be printed for order, nor delivered to any person without payment.

All subscribers, without respect to whether they are delinquents, on the 1st of January, will be stricken from the list and accounts put in suit.

The above rules, we the undersigned, ourselves to abide by.

JAMES A. STEVENS,
Editor of the Yazoo Whig.

S. H. B. BLACK,
Editor of the Natchez Courier.

BESANCON & HALIDAY,
Publishers of the Mississippi Free Press.

GEORGE A. WILSON,
Editor of the Holly Springs Banner.

THE STORM.

During the storm of Wednesday night, a large commission house, which our fellow citizen R. C. Williams was having erected, fronting the promise which was nearly finished, was blown down. This occurred about sunrise on Thursday morning, and seriously crippled two of the carpenters, who had thus far to work. We learn that a part of the materials will be fit for use again; but the loss which is several thousand dollars entirely upon the contractor, comprising builder who has come here from a distance. This loss, he says, involves ruin.—*Western World.*

RIDDLE STILL IN THE FIELD.

Perceive by an advertisement in Pennsylvania, that Mr. Nicholas, generally called by the Democrats, is in the field yet, being President of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, and is still engaged in the practice of "bringing" and "buying" the people by offering premiums of \$10 for turnips, \$5 for carrots, \$6 for cabbages, and other such like enormities. The case to the Richmond Enquirer, Dr. Brockenbrough, the President of the Bank of Virginia, as our informant is so excessive at this audacious attempt as to disqualify us from taking up and repeat the cry in view of the business.—*To Arms!* to Alexandria Gazette.

Habit.—A toper in New York taking a check to a bank to be cashed, was asked by the teller, how he would like to be repaid instantly, "cold, if you would, without sugar."

Poetical.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" asked he,
"Have nought but the bearded grain?"
Tho' the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eye—
He kiss'd their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowers gay,"
The Reaper said, and snuff'd;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
When He was once a child."

"They shall bloom in the fields of light,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother grave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
But knew she would find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

Oh! not in cruelty and wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

I will not forget thee!

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I will not forget thee the link of the past,
They are clinging around me yet; [thine
And the thoughts that connected my spirit with
Are such the heart cannot forget.

They are lingering near in tenderness still,
Unstained by the touch of decay, [bright
And are brighten'd by gloom, as stars shine at
Which lose all their luster by day.

I will not forget thee too many bright hopes
Are gathered around thy dear name,
For with accents of kindness thou greeted me oft
When others spoke only to blame.

Thy memory comes like the breath of the south
With fragrance and loveliness fraught;
For communion with thee, was hallow'd by love
And chasten'd by beauty of thought.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Morning Atlas.]

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

SPOONS.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."—Old adage.

"It never rains but it pours."—Old adage.

We know not whether it is that the landlords in the vicinity of this good city, either for extortion, or selling bad cider for good champagne, are doomed to suffer or not; but recent occurrences show very clearly that they have been the prey of the designing.

It is only a short time since the story of the Old Clock told how completely a landlord at Harlem, was taken in and done for. We are inclined to think that ease with which the trick was managed, induced the following to be played.

There is on Long Island a very pretty and fashionable hotel, well known to many of our citizens fond of recreation in hot weather, and liked not less for the coolness of the sea view than for the admirable entertainment that the house affords—the choiceness of the wines, and the agreeable manner of the landlord.

At this hotel a short time since, arrived a carriage with four young men. The landlord was at the door; the gentlemen alighted.

"Ah Mr.—, how are you?" asked the one.

"How are you?" inquired the rest.

Mr.—, replied quite well, and hoped they were the same.

It appeared they were all quite well, and this point being settled, they adjourned to the bar and took a drink.

"We want to dine here," said one of the gentlemen.

"To dine," said the landlord lifting up his eyebrows and his voice at the same time.

"To dine, dine," said the three other gentlemen in as quiet and natural a manner as if they really did.

"The fact is," said the first speaker, that tempted by the fineness of the day we thought we would take a drive over to see if you were in the land of the living. So give us the best you have got for dinner, and don't waste time in making apologies.

"You could not have come more fortunately," replied the landlord, "I go to New York market once a week only in the dull season, and I have only this day returned with a week's supply.

If you will amuse yourself with fishing for an hour or so, I will be ready for you—you may perhaps catch something."

"Perhaps we may."

"You are fond of sport."

"Very."

The gentlemen proceeded to amuse themselves, but thought more of getting the landlord into a line than the fishes. The landlord meantime bustled about, rubbed his hands in delight, and thought that the early commencement of business argued a good and prosperous season—he accordingly did his best to conceal a lack of dishes, covered the table with a great profusion of plate, as modern fashionables do, who feast the eye, rather than the appetite. It was a splendid affair. The bell rang. The gentlemen

obeyed it summons. They sat down to dinner. After soup they drank sherry with their meat, champagne, and with the desert, claret. The landlord was convinced, from the delicacy of their palates, they must be gentlemen. At first he wondered that they knew him so well, as he had no recollection of having seen them before, but afterwards remembered that they had been several times at his house during the last summer, and drank a great deal of wine. This remembrance was the more extraordinary as the gentlemen had actually never been there previously.

After dinner the company requested the landlord to join them. He did so—and right jovial fellows he thought them and found them. Such jokes they cracked—such songs they sang—such stories they told and such a quantity of wine they drank. They were something like gentlemen.

"What do you think of the Clock Story that has made so much noise in York?" inquired he.

"Capital," he rejoined.

"On capital," he rejoined.

"Such a neat shave, such a clan suck. To take in a landlord. Capital, capital."

"Yes, but he would not have taken me in."

"He would not."

"No."

"You're not to be done, eh?"

"Rather—not," said the first gentleman.

"Not to be done," said the second.

"Not to be done," said the third.

"Not to be done, no how you can fix it!" exclaimed the landlord, in a decided and dignified tone of voice, which served to imply that the other landlord was not gifted with quite so much brain as himself.

"Well another bottle of claret, and the bill!" said one of the gentlemen. "It is getting late—we must return to town. Order the carriage."

The bill and bottle were brought, and the carriage announced as being ready.

"It is my turn to pay the bill, I believe," said he.

"No, Tom, it is not. It's mine."

"You're mistaken Harry," said Tom, "you paid the last."

Tom appealed to Joe for the correctness of the statement, who sided with him, and Harry appealed to Bill, who bore out his statement.

"This is a regular fix," said Tom. "The fact is Mr. Landlord—but you don't drink. Come gentlemen, bumpers round! The fact is, we go out a great deal, and take it in turns to pay; capital plan is it? Fill your glass!"

"Capital!" said the landlord, drawing off the contents.

"Now, whether it is," continued Tom, the potency of your wine or not, I don't know we can't agree whose turn it is to pay."

"Never mind," said Harry, "we can easily manage that, let the landlord be blindfolded and whichever he catches shall pay."

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"But, gentlemen," exclaimed the landlord.

"Capital! Capital!" shouted the gentlemen, and the more the landlord expostulated the more the gentlemen shouted "capital!"

"The table!" at length the landlord was heard to exclaim.

"Nonsense! when you get near the table, we will cry 'spoons!'"

"Spoons!" said the landlord, and laughed.

"Spoons!" repeated the gentlemen and laughed—never before was heard such a laughing.

At length the landlord was blindfolded. He had not been long in the interesting attitude which a man assumes under such circumstances—his head bent forward—his hands stretched out—his knees crooked, before one of the gentlemen, transferring the silver soup-ladle from the tureen, to his own pocket, exclaimed "spoons!"

The landlord, thinking he was near the table, turned round and went grouping in an opposite direction. The second gentleman then seizing all the spoons on the table, shouted aloud "spoons!"

Again the landlord turned round, when the third gentleman transferred four candles from their silver sticks to the necks of four champagne bottles, which were quite as useful but not quite so ornamental. He then put the candlesticks into his coat-pocket, and all four went quickly out. In the hall they met a waiter and told him the landlord wanted him to help clear away. The gentlemen then hastily got into their carriage and drove off.

The waiter went immediately into the dining room, and great was his astonishment at finding his master playing "blind man's buff" by himself.

"I hear you," cried the landlord, "don't forget to cry 'spoons!'"

"Spoons!" cried the more and more astonished waiter.

Directed by the voice, the landlord approached him, and catching him in his arms, exclaimed—"You have got to pay!" at the same instant he removed the bandage from his eyes and discovered himself embracing his waiter.

The gentlemen had decamped—his plate vanished—his champagne bottles converted into candlesticks! In his first rage he threw the waiter from him with such violence that his head came in contact with the table and overthrew it—the lights were extinguished—plates and glasses broke—and the pair for a second or so, were playing at blind man's buff indeed.

The landlord, when he recovered himself, ordered a horse to be saddled, to proceed to town and to lodge a complaint to the police; but at the instant the gentlemen returned, and confessing the joke, restored the plate and paid the bill and the damage.

The landlord is now not quite confident that his wisdom is not to be done, and he confesses that he has learnt a good and cheap lesson from blind man's buff and the spoons.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

S. S. PRENTISS.

This gentleman made his first appearance at the bar of the House, during the extra session of the Twenty-fifth Congress, in support of his right to a seat in that body as a representative from Mississippi. On that occasion he spoke for three days, with a force of reasoning, a rapidity and beauty of elocution, and a splendor of declamation, that astonished all who had the pleasure of hearing him. Mr. Prentiss is small in stature, and has a lameness in one of his legs, which compels him to resort to the use of a staff, on which he rests his deformed limb when he moves—he is, however, said to possess uncommon strength of body, and to have great vigor of muscle. His head is large and out of proportion to the rest of his frame; his features are good, and his countenance, though not what would be called handsome, is not ugly. He is said to be a native of Maine, and commenced life, like most of our distinguished men, in poverty. He taught school, while quite young, in Mississippi, to which he had removed to seek his fortune; afterwards studied law, and soon became eminent at the bar where he acquired both reputation and wealth. He appears to be about thirty years of age. Mr. Prentiss has all the elements of the orator in him; his mind possesses great fertility and expansiveness—it is logical, imaginative, sarcastic and harmonious. The faculties of the judgment, imagination, memory and taste, are equally prominent and always exercised, when he speaks. After a laborious train of reasoning, in which he shows his strength as a logician, his hearer is astonished at some apt and felicitous illustration, drawn from history, poetry, philosophy, or romance, which he calls up by the power of memory and apparently without an effort of the will. His early reading seems to have been confined to the sacred volume of inspiration, with which he is perfectly familiar, and from which most of his illustrations are taken, which are always happy and striking. He has the faculty, moreover, of gliding rapidly from grave to gay, from the impassionate to the humorous, and from the declamatory to the coolest and most philosophical reasoning. His imagination furnishes him with the finest images, his invention with the strongest argument, his judgment with the most logical application and the most lucid arrangements of them, and his memory with a great variety of incidents and facts, which he has treasured up in the course of his reading and observation, and which he can call up with singular facility, and apply with great effect. Mr. Prentiss possesses genius, as well as talent; his thoughts are poetical and often beautiful, but always under the control of good taste. His reading seems to have been more among imaginative than the philosophical lights of the world, and he has read more for amusement than for the acquisition of knowledge. His mind is more excursive than profound—it delights more in the romance than the realities of life, and takes greater pleasure in reposing in the Italian bower with Homer, than in communing in the groves of Academus with Plato. His diction is sometimes very splendid, and his elocution singularly fluent, rolling along without hesitation and almost without a pause. His touches of humor and wit are excellent and his sarcasm exceeding pungent—sometimes putting the House in a roar of laughter, and at others exciting it to an almost irresponsible burst of indignation. His voice is, however, defective, and his cadences are not always harmonious or pleasing to the ear, and his action is too uniform for grace. Had he the inclination, he would be an admirable debater, but he prefers his own ease to the exertion which eminence as a debater requires. He is, however, more of an orator than a debater. His mind is too rich, and fluent, and imaginative for the latter; and he likes to exert the intellectual energies, only when it can be done with effect, and when a sense of duty or the love of fame impels him to the effort. It is to be regretted, that he should find the great political arena of Congress so little suited to his taste, or so hostile to his interests, as to induce him to withdraw from the councils of the nation, and return to a profession from which he derives more wealth, if not so much fame, as from the career of legislation, which he has just abandoned, and in which he is so well fitted to excel.

From the New York Express.

TRIAL OF THE BRAGANZA PI RATES.

UNITED STATES COURT.

Before Judge Betts and Thompson.

The United States of America vs. Cornelius Wilhelmus, Joseph Ver Bruggen and Hans Knudsen.

Counsel for Knudsen moved to have him tried separately, which the Court granted. Indictment for murder on the high seas, on board the brig Braganza.

The evidence against the accused was concluded at 9 o'clock last evening. The principle facts elicited are as follows:

The brig Braganza Capt. Arnel, T. Turley sailed from Philad. in July 1838, which port he had put into in distress, being originally from Porto Rico, bound to Genoa, with a cargo of sugar. On the 5th of August, the second mate, Robert Moir, was awakened by cries of murder, while sleeping in his state room. Moir rushed on deck, and there beheld the first mate, Vanderslice, lying on the deck bleeding, with two wounds on his head. He observed immediately after, the Captain engaged in a struggle with some of the crew. Captain Turley was armed with a Cutlass, with which he wounded one of the mutineers Ver Bruggen. The Captain was overpowered and cast into the sea. He regained the brig and begged his life for the sake of his wife, but was remorselessly again thrown overboard. He, however, once more made the brig and gained the main chains, but was thrust off and drowned.

There were on board at this time, independent of the crew, Mr. Diehl, the owner of the vessel, and his wife, and the wife of Captain Turley. These were below when the horrible transaction with Vanderslice took place, as were also the Captain and second mate. There were four seamen on deck at this time. The prisoners now on trial and another, John Adams (since dead) A boy named James Davis hearing the scuffle with Mr. Vanderslice came also on deck. He clearly gave his evidence, and particularly to the facts, that the Captain was attacked immediately on going on deck, as was the second mate, Mr. Moir. The cook was in the fore-cabin and took no part in the mutiny and murder, having been fastened therein by the mutineers. The companion-way was also fastened down to prevent assistance being afforded to the Captain. The boy James Davis was told to remain quiet, and he should not be hurt. Mr. Diehl begged to come on deck, but was answered, "we have killed three, and will kill you if you are not quiet?" The murderers took possession of the vessel, Wilhelmus acted as Captain. Mr. Moir, Mr. Diehl, his wife and Mrs. Turley, together with the cook who sprang into the boat after them, were set adrift in the long boat. They wished to take the first mate, Mr. Vanderslice with them, but were refused. They were fortunately picked up by a vessel that hove in sight, and carried into Grenock. The first mate, left with the mutineers, died of his wounds and his body was thrown overboard.

The District Attorney concluded his case against the prisoners at 11 o'clock last night. After an excellent charge, the jury retired.

In five minutes after leaving the court, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty against the prisoners.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The following interesting fact is related by Audubon, in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove, he says: "A man, who was once a pirate, assured me that, several times, while at certain wells, dug in the burning shelly sands of a well known quay, which must be here named, the soft and melancholy cry of the dove awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only compares with wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sound he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a visit to those who, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what has been said to be the noblest work of God—an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him comparable with the danger of one's living in the violation of human and divine laws, and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends."

SERENADING.—An individual in the upper part of our city, who was honored with a serenade by some of his friends—night before last, very unaccountably told the serenaders that they might saw his wood if they saw fit, but as for making a useless noise about his house he would not stand any such nonsense.—*N. O. Sun.*

A very pretty coquette, residing at St. Albans, had been pre-engaged to a country gentleman in that neighborhood to accompany him in a ball given at the Town-hall. A gallant captain however intervened, and in a jeering mood, persuaded the young lady to abandon her previous engagement, in favor of himself. The plain yeoman overhearing all that had passed, with a frigid indifference moved towards a card-table and sat down to a rubber of whist. The Captain in a few minutes afterwards trippingly stepped up to the lady, and bowing, made a hundred apologies for an unforseen mistake he had fallen into, saying, that he had quite forgotten the circumstance, but that he had engaged himself to hand a lady down the following dance, on his first entering the room but that her first engagement would stand good, and he would attend her in the two consecutive dances.

The neglected one overheard all that passed, and a short time had elapsed when the new figure was proclaimed. The lady approaching the whist table said, I believe Mr. B., it is time for us to take our position.—The old fashioned suiter, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courteously replied, "No! madam; I mean to keep my position—when LADIES SHUFFLE I CUT."

An industrious Woman.—Talk, indeed, of your pantomimes and gaudy shows; your processions and installations and coronations! Give me, for a beautiful sight, a neat and smart woman, heating her oven and setting in her bread! And, if the bustle does make the sign of labor glisten on her brow, where is the man that would not kiss that, off rather than lick the plaster from the cheek of a duchess?—*Cobbett.*

STORY TELLING.—The Chicago Democrat tells a strange story about the conversation of Charles B. Parsons, the tragedian, at Louisville. That paper says—

"The Louisville Theatre was lately crowded to excess to witness Charles B. Parsons' celebrated performance of Othello when the Manager came forward and announced that there could be no performance that evening, in consequence of the surprising conversation of Mr. Parsons under Mr. Maffit's preaching. The audience was very in gant, and quite a number of young people run into Mr. Maffit's meeting house, and commenced crying 'Othello! Othello!' so loud that Mr. Maffit stopped his sermon. Immediately, Mr. Parsons walked in the broad aisle, and pronounced in the most emphatic manner, 'Othello's occupation's gone!' and then proceeded to say, that a change had come over the spirit of his dream; he had 'fretted his brief hour upon the stage' of thespis, and henceforth should 'perform' in the House of Prayer and Temple of Zion."

The chief embellishments of this true story are all fiction. Parsons' last theatrical characters on the last night of his performance, were "Roaring Ralph Stackpole" in Doctor Bird's "Nick of the Woods," and "Long Tom Coffin."

Many days or weeks elapsed after this, before he spoke in or joined the church. We hate to spoil a good story though!

Free Trader.

THE OLDEN TIME.

The Morristown Journal gives some interesting reminiscences of the late Col. Aaron Ogden, who recently died at 84 years of age—holding the office of Collector for the Port of Jersey City. Col. Ogden served with distinction as a Captain throughout the Revolutionary War, was loved by Washington, and became an ardent Federalist in the political contest of later times. In 1812 he was elected Governor of New Jersey, by the Federal party, over Hon. William S. Pennycuik, a Democrat, father of the present Whig Governor. His election was rejected over throughout the State as an important federal triumph. He was met at Princeton, on his way to Trenton, by an imposing Federal cavalcade, conspicuous among which was Hon. Garret D. Wall, present Van Buren U. S. Senator from that State.

Mr. Ogden always gloried in the principles of the Federalists of 1798. He doubtless honestly believed them to be the true principles of the Federal Constitution. At a festival of the Cincinnati Society, (of which he died President) he gave "Strength to the Executive arm." This was Federalism then, as it is and has long been Toryism in England; now it is among us, the essence of modern self-assumed Democracy!

"Men change—Principles never."

Centuries must elapse, before the truth will practically appear, that farmers and merchants are the most respectable class of society. We are still labouring under the accumulated prejudices of ages on this subject. When the time shall arrive, and it surely will come, when education shall be generally diffused: when what is now called learning shall be common to every day maxims when pedantry shall cease to perplex and confuse, and the object of all study will be to discover truth, it will be plain what will be the natural cast of men. The mummeries of fashion, the criterion externals, the fictitious distinctions of wealth and family, will cease and men will be regarded by the true standard of morality and practical utility.